

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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WHICH WAS THE COWARD?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"WILL you bear that, Edward?"

The young man to whom this was addressed, stood facing another person about his own age, on whose flushed countenance was an expression of angry defiance. The name of this person was Logan. A third party, also a young man, had asked the question, just given, in a tone of surprise and regret. Before there was time for a response, Logan said sharply, and in a voice of stinging contempt:

"You are a poor, mean coward, Edward Wilson! I repeat the words; and if there is a particle of manhood about you"—

Logan paused for an instant, but quickly added: "You will resent the insult."

Why did he pause? His words had aroused a feeling in the breast of Wilson that instantly betrayed itself in his eyes. The word "coward," in that instant of time, would have more fittingly applied to James Logan. But, as quickly as the flash leaves the cloud, so quickly faded the indignant light from the eyes of Edward Wilson. What a fierce struggle agitated him for the moment!

"We have been fast friends, James," said Wilson, calmly. "But even if that were not so, I will not strike you."

"You're afraid."

"I will not deny it. I have always been afraid to do wrong."

"Bah! Cant and hypocrisy!" said the other, contemptuously.

"You know me better than that, James Logan; and I am sorry that, in your resentment of an imagined wrong,

you should so far forget what is just to my character as to charge upon me such mean vices. I reject the implied allegation as false."

There was an honest indignation in the manner of Wilson that he did not attempt to repress.

"Do you call me a liar?" exclaimed Logan, in uncontrollable passion, drawing back his hand, and making a motion as if he were about to slap the other in the face.

The eyes of Wilson quailed not, nor was the smallest quiver of a muscle perceptible. From some cause the purpose of Logan was not executed. Instead of giving a blow, he assailed his antagonist with words of deeper insult, seeking thus to provoke an assault. But Wilson was not to be driven from the citadel in which he had entrenched himself.

"If I am a coward, well," he said. "I would rather be a coward, than lay my hand in violence on him whom I had once called friend."

At this moment light girlish laughter and the ringing of merry voices reached the ears of our excited young men, and their relation of antagonism at once changed. Logan walked away in the direction from which the voices came; while the other two remained where they had been standing.

"Why didn't you knock him down?" said the companion of Wilson.

The latter, whose face was now very sober and very pale, shook his head slowly. He made no other response.

"I believe you *are* a coward!" exclaimed the other, impatiently; and turning off, he went in the direction taken by Logan.

The moment Wilson was alone, he seated himself on the ground, concealed from the party whose voices had inter-

rupted them, by a large rock, and covering his face with his hands, sat motionless for several minutes. How much he suffered in that little space of time we will not attempt to describe. The struggle with his indignant impulses had been very severe. He was no coward in heart. What was right and humane he was ever ready to do, even at the risk to himself of both physical and mental suffering. Clearly conscious was he of this. Yet the consciousness did not and could not protect his feelings from the unjust and stinging charge of cowardice so angrily brought against him. In spite of his better reason, he felt humiliated; and there were moments when he half-regretted the forbearance that saved the insolent Logan from punishment. They were but moments of weakness; in the strength of a manly character he was quickly himself again.

The occasion of this misunderstanding is briefly told. Wilson made one of a little pleasure party from a neighbouring village, that was spending an afternoon in a shady retreat on the banks of a mill-stream. There were three or four young men, and half-a-dozen maidens; and, as it happens on such occasions, some rivalries were excited among the former. These should only have added piquancy to the merry intercourse of all parties; and would have done so, had not the impatient temperament of Logan carried him a little beyond good feeling and a generous deportment towards others. With due reflection, yet in no sarcastic spirit, Edward Wilson made a remark on some act of Logan that irritated him exceedingly. An angry spot burned instantly on his cheek, and he replied with words of cutting insult; so cutting, that all present expected nothing less than a blow from Wilson as his answer to the remark. And to deal a blow was his first impulse. But he restrained the impulse; and it required more courage to do this, than to have stricken the insolent young man to the ground. A moment or two Wilson struggled with himself, and then turned off and marched slowly away.

His flushed and then paling face, his quivering lips and unsteady eyes, left on the minds of all who witnessed the scene, an impression somewhat unfavour-

able. Partaking of the indignant excitement of the moment, many of those present looked for the instant punishment of his unjustifiable insult. When therefore they saw Wilson turn away without even a defiant answer, and heard the low, sneeringly-uttered word, "coward," from the lips of Logan, they felt that there was a craven spirit about the young man. A coward we instinctively despise; and yet, how slow we are to elevate that higher moral courage which enables a man to brave unjust judgment, rather than do what he thinks to be wrong, above the mere brute instinct which, in the moment of excitement, forgets all physical consequences.

As Edward Wilson walked away from his companions he felt that he was regarded as a coward. This was for him a bitter trial; and the more so, because there was one in that little group of startled maidens for whose generous regard he would have sacrificed all but honour.

It was, perhaps, half-an-hour after this unpleasant occurrence, that Logan, whose heart still burned with an unforgiving spirit, encountered Wilson under circumstances that left him free to repeat his insulting language, without disturbing the rest of the party, who were amusing themselves at some distance, and beyond the range of observation. He did not succeed in obtaining a personal encounter, as he had desired.

Edward Wilson had been for some time sitting alone with his unhappy thoughts, when he was aroused by sudden cries of alarm, the tone of which told his heart too plainly that some imminent danger impended. Springing to his feet he ran in the direction of the cries, and quickly saw the cause of the excitement. Recent heavy rains had swollen the mountain stream, the turbid waters of which were sweeping down with great velocity. Two young girls, who had been amusing themselves at some distance above, in a boat that was attached to the shore by a long rope, had, through some accident, got the fastening loose, and were now gliding down the breast of a mill-dam, some hundreds of yards below, from which the water was thundering down a height of over twenty feet. Pale with terror,

the poor young creatures were stretching out their hands towards their companions on the shore, and uttering heart-rending cries for succour.

Instant action was necessary, or all would be lost. The position of the young girls had been discovered while they were yet some distance above; and there happening to be another boat on the mill-dam, and that nigh at hand, Logan and two other young men had loosed it from the shore. But the danger of being carried over the dam, should any one venture out in this boat, seemed so inevitable, that none of them dared to encounter the hazard. Now screaming and wringing their hands, and now urging these men to try and save their companions, stood the young maidens of the party on the shore, when Wilson dashed through them, and, springing into the boat, cried out:

"Quick, Logan! Take an oar, or all is lost."

But, instead of this, Logan stepped back a pace or two from the boat, while his face grew pale with fear. Not an instant more was wasted. At a glance Wilson saw that if the girls were saved, it must be by the strength of his own arm. Bravely he pushed from the shore; and with giant strength, born of the moment for the occasion, from his high, unselfish purpose, he dashed the boat out into the current, and, bending to the oars, took a direction at an angle with the other boat, towards the point where the water was sweeping over the dam. At every stroke the light skiff sprung forward a dozen feet, and scarcely half-a-minute elapsed ere Wilson was beside the other boat. Both were now within twenty yards of the fall; and the water was bearing them down with a velocity that a strong rower, with every advantage on his side, could scarcely have contended against successfully. To transfer the frightened girls from one boat to the other, in the few moments of time left, ere the down-sweeping current would bear their frail vessel to the edge of the dam, and still to retain an advantage, was for Wilson impossible. To let his own boat go, and manage theirs, he saw to be equally impossible.

A cry of despair reached the young man's ears as the oars dropped from his

grasp into the water. It was evident to the spectators of the fearful scene that he had lost his presence of mind, and that now all was over. Not so, however. In the next moment he had sprung into the water, which, near the breast of the dam, was not more than two feet deep. As he did so, he grasped the other boat, and bracing himself firmly against the rushing current, held it poised a few yards from the point where the foam-crested waters leaped into the whirlpool below. At the same instant his own boat shot like an arrow over the dam. He had gained, however, but a small advantage. It required his utmost strength to keep the boat he had grasped from dragging him down the fall.

The quickly-formed purpose of Wilson, in thus springing into the water, had been to drag the boat against the current to the shore. But this he perceived to be impossible, the moment he felt the real strength of the current. If he were to let the boat go, he could easily save himself. But, not once did such a thought enter his own heart.

"Lie down close to the bottom," he said, in a quick, hoarse voice. The terror-stricken girls obeyed the injunction instantly.

And now, with a coolness that was wonderful under all circumstances, Wilson moved the boat several yards from the nearest shore, until he reached a point where he knew the water below the dam to be expended and free from rocks. Then throwing his body suddenly against the boat, and running along until he was within a few feet of the dam, he sprang into it and passed over with it. A moment or two the light vessel, as it shot out into the air, stood poised, and then went plunging down.

The fearful plunge was made in safety. The boat struck the seething waters below, and glanced out from the whirlpool, bearing its living freight uninjured.

"Which was the coward?" The words reached the ears of Logan, as he gathered with the rest of the company around Wilson, and the pale, trembling girls he had so heroically saved. Fair lips asked the question. One maiden had spoken to another, and in a louder voice than she had intended.

"Not Edward Wilson," said Logan, as he stepped forward and grasped the hand of him he had so wrunged and insulted. "Not Edward Wilson! He is the noblest and bravest!"

Wilson made an effort to reply. But he was for some moments too much excited and exhausted to speak. At last he said:

"I only did what was right. May I ever have courage for that while I live."

Afterwards he remarked, when alone with Logan: "It required a far greater exercise of courage to forbear when you provoked and insulted me in the presence of those who expected retaliation, than it did to risk my life at the mill-dam."

PUNISHING CHILDREN.

Good woman, you have done very wrong in punishing your child in the way you have done: not that he did not deserve all the punishment you gave him, and perhaps even more, but, from the manner in which you dealt with him, you left on his mind the impression that you punish him not for his good (*i. e.* to make him better), but for your own gratification (*i. e.* to gratify your revenge). You made him angry with you, and not sorry for his faults; you have thus irritated him without reforming him, consequently have done him more hurt than good. In the future management of your child, follow these directions:

1st.—Take the earliest and every opportunity to instruct him in regard to what is right and what is wrong—what he may do and what he may not do.

2nd.—Never punish your child for doing what he did not know to be wrong. Instruct him first.

3rd.—Never punish in such a way as to leave on his mind the impression that you acted from revenge; let him see that you do it from a sense of duty, and only for his good.

4th.—When you punish him, bring him to entire submission; and when this is done, show him it was not choice, but necessity, duty, that influenced you, and treat him with kindness and confidence, that he may see and feel that you love him still.

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

Socrates at an extreme age learned to play on musical instruments. This would look ridiculous for some of the rich old men in our city, especially if they should take it into their heads to thrum a guitar under a lady's window, which Socrates did not do, but only learned to play upon some instrument of his time—not a guitar—for the purpose of resisting the wear and tear of old age.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language. Many of our young men, at thirty and forty, have forgotten even the alphabet of a language, the knowledge of which was necessary to enter college, and which was made a daily exercise through college. A fine comment upon their love of letters, truly!

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin. Many of our young lawyers, not thirty years of age, think that *nisi prius, scire facias*, &c., are English expressions; and if you tell them that a knowledge of Latin would make them appear a little more respectable in their profession, they will reply that they are *too old* to think of learning Latin.

Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature, yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than Boccaccio, who are dying of *ennui*, and regret that they were not educated to a taste for literature; but now they are *too old*.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time of life he became a most learned antiquary and lawyer. Our young men begin to think of laying their seniors on the shelf when they have reached sixty years of age. How different the present estimate put upon experience from that which characterized a certain period of the Grecian republic, when a man was not allowed to open his mouth in caucuses or political meetings, who was under forty years of age.

Colbert, the famous French Minister, at sixty years of age returned to his Latin and law studies. How many of our college-learnt men have ever looked into their classics since their graduation?

Ludovico, at the great age of 115, wrote the memoirs of his own times. A singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. How many among us of thirty, forty, and fifty, read nothing but newspapers, for the want of a taste for natural philosophy! But they are *too old to learn*.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that indeed he began it late, but he should therefore master it the sooner. This agrees with our theory, that healthy old age gives the man the power of accomplishing a difficult study in much less time than would be necessary to one of half his years.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad; and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

We could go on and cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study, and struck out into an entirely new pursuit, either for livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will ever say *I am too old to study*.

NAVAL AND CHRISTIAN.

WE are frequently told that the navy of England is its bulwark and glory, and may be taken to express the spirit of the nation more perfectly than any one of our institutions. And it is instructive enough to mark the names given to our ships of war,—names which are un-

doubtedly chosen because of their significance as descriptive of the sentiments which animate those who use them, and of the work they are employed to perform. Here are a few we have selected from our present navy list:—

Terrible, Termagant, Arrogant, Insolent, Haughty, Implacable, Furious, Revenge, Defiance, Havoc, Lion, Leopard, Bulldog, Bloodhound, Adder, Viper, Rattlesnake, Jackal, Harpy, Wolf, Vixen, Hornet, Wasp, Gorgon, Crocodile, Porcupine, Banterer, Bouncer, Wrangler, Biter, Growler, Challenger.

Let it be distinctly understood that we find no fault with these names. On the contrary, we think them singularly appropriate, giving, what no doubt they were meant to give, very accurate expression to the national character and spirit, especially during a time of war. Only, it is impossible not to feel, in looking at this array of names which a Christian nation selects to blazon conspicuously on the structures which it boasts are its most characteristic representatives in all the ports and all the waters of the world, how openly, ostentatiously, and with a sort of grim scorn, they seem to glorify all the qualities which Christianity most emphatically condemns, and to cast contempt on all the qualities it most emphatically honours. Put in comparison with the above strange vocabulary, the enumeration given us in the New Testament of the virtues and dispositions which the Gospel produces as its natural fruit. Here they are:—*Love, Joy, Peace, Long-suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Temperance, Bowels of Mercy, Kindness, Humbleness of Mind, Meekness, Forbearance, and the Charity* which “suffereth long and is kind, which envieth not, which vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.”

What a contrast! What a chasm, wide as that which separates Heaven from Hell, yawns between the spirit which presides over the British navy, and that which pervades the religion of Jesus Christ!—*Herald of Peace.*

A FEW WORDS TO
INDIFFERENTISTS.

WHAT! is there no difference between a religion so PLAIN AND SIMPLE, that all may easily understand it :
AND

one so FULL OF MYSTERY and contradiction, that reason stands aghast, and faith itself is half confounded ?

Is there no difference between the USE OF REASON in religion,
AND

THE PROSTRATION OF REASON ?

Is there no difference between FREE INQUIRY, the right of private judgment ;
AND

the IMPOSITION OF CREDITS and articles, catechisms and confessions of faith ?

Is there no difference between the PURE WORD OF GOD, as the standard of faith, and the rule of practice ;
AND

the admixture of Scripture with HUMAN INVENTIONS, and the teachings of men ?

Is there no difference between RELIGIOUS LIBERTY,
AND

RELIGIOUS BONDAGE ?

Is there no difference between the INNOCENCY of involuntary error,
AND

the GUILT of all error ?

Is there no difference between believing, that ALL THE SINCERELY VIRTUOUS and pious, in all countries and climes, will be graciously accepted of God ;
AND

that those of OUR OWN SECT and party only will be saved, and all others will perish everlastinglly ?

Is there no difference between the propositions, that ONE BEING is one Person ;
AND

that THREE PERSONS are one Being ?

Is there no difference between the assertions, that a father and his son are TWO BEINGS ;
AND

that a father and his son are ONE BEING ?

Is there no difference between the worship of the CREATOR ALONE, AND the worship of a CREATURE in connexion with the Creator ?

Is there no difference between worshiping God AS A SPIRIT ;
AND

worshipping him AS PARTLY SPIRITUAL and partly material,—as God-man ?

Is there no difference between viewing God as a KIND FATHER, full of love ;
AND

as a CRUEL TYRANT, full of vindictiveness ?

Is there no difference between regarding God as a Being ABUNDANT IN MERCY, forgiving his penitent children freely, from his own spontaneous goodness ;
AND

as a Being BURNING WITH WRATH, and staying his vengeance only by the purchased satisfaction of another ?

Is there no difference between saying, that God sent his Son into the world, because he SO LOVED THE WORLD ;
AND

that God's ANGER BURNT SO FIERCELY against the world, that Jesus Christ voluntarily interposed to save it ?

Is there no difference between saying, that God WAS IN CHRIST reconciling the world unto himself ;
AND

that CHRIST WAS OF HIMSELF reconciling God unto the world ?

Is there no difference between individual, PERSONAL RIGHTEOUSNESS ;
AND

IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS ?

Is there no difference between saying, that YOUR OWN OBEDIENCE must work out your own salvation ;
AND

that the OBEDIENCE OF ANOTHER, transferred or imputed to you, can alone save you ?

Knowles.

A TALE,

FROM THE ERSE OF DERMOT O'MONAGHAN, A RELIGIOUS OF THE ORDER FOUNDED BY ST. IGNATIUS.

SOME spirits happily set free
From shackles of mortality,
Met on the road that leads on high,
(They all had passports to the sky).
After the usual comps., to show
They'd learned politeness here below,
They dropt into an easy chat,
Traveller-like, of this and that,
What they had seen and known on earth,
From cradle to their second birth;
Pleased and quite happy with each other,
'Twas every word—*dear friend or brother*,
Till by a revolution scurvy,
Religion turned all topsy-turvy;
Happening to touch that awkward string,
Peace, love, and harmony took wing,
They argued, squabbled, and to blows,
(*Zeal's ratio ultima*) arose;
But ghosts, however good their will,
Can neither bruise, break limbs, or kill;
Thus they went on, all fire and flame,
Till to *St. Peter's* lodge they came;
Where at heaven's gate full well 'tis
known,
With golden key and triple crown,
He constant sits—close to the portal,
To let in souls when made immortal;
Rap, rap, a tap—Straight with an air,
The porter Saint cries, "Who comes
there?"
The wicket opens:—"What are you?"—
"Why, good your worship, I'm a Jew."
"A Jew!" Then you must take that road,
"Twill lead you to Abraham's abode,
"For different sect'ries and religions,
"Have here their different divisions,
"Or we should ne'er be free from riot,
"Nor, though in Heaven, know peace or
quiet."
That shade dispatch'd—thus to another—
"Of what religion are you, brother?"
"Why good St. Peter," cries the ghost,
"Rome's Faith Infallible I boast,
"That church which on a rock—" "Hold,
friend,
"Nor thus thy breath in trifles spend,
"This path is yours—'twill to the spot
"Conduct, that's destined for your lot;
"Some Popes and Bishops here you'll
view,
"And stranger! some few Jesuits too."

A Puritan then showed his pass,
"That road leads onward to *your* class;
"You'll there find *Calvin*, who had ne'er
"Set foot within this happy sphere,
"Had not *Servetus'* intercession
"Wiped off his murderer's transgression,
"For which your founder, when he meets
him,
"With conscious blushes always greet
him."
"Well, friend, what's your religion
pray?"
"I'm a *Mahometan*"—"That way—
"A pretty little *Houri* straight
"Shall lead you to your prophet's gate.
"Whose turn is next?—*your* look and
dress
"The Quaker's buckram tribe confess;
"Here—show this favourite of the spirit
"Where *Christians* unbaptized inherit:—
"Now, good Sir, with that solemn face,
"Whence your pretensions to this place?"
"I'm a new born, or, if you list,
"I'm what some call a *Methodist*."
"Conduct this sprite, with expedition,
"To *Billy Whitfield's* new division.
"A single hedge of formal yew,
"Parts *Calvin* from your chosen crew.
"But pr'ythee, for the love of grace,
"Assume an open, cheerful face;
"These dismal looks, and downcast air,
"Best suit the regions of despair."
All these despatched, with several more,
St. Peter thought his hurry o'er.
Christians, Turks, Iroquois, and Tartars,
All settled in their different quarters,
When, with a modest air, a Shade
Petition for admittance made.
"You've got a passport, friend, I see,
"Pray what may your religion be?"
"To One alone," the ghost replies,
"All good, just, merciful, and wise,
"Our Sire, Creator, and our Friend,
"From whom all benefits descend,
"I while on earth, with reverence bowed,
"And wish'd—far as my frailty could—
"To show obedience to his will,
"By doing good, and shunning ill;
"But to no church a liveried slave,
"All were my brethren to the grave:
"This my religion—as to sect,
"Or form—I held'em in neglect."
St. Peter, with a visage bland,
Straight took the spirit by the hand,
And with a hearty shake—"My friend,
"Your honest freedom I commend;
"And since on earth you always thought,

"And lived, as reason's vot'ry ought,
 "From narrow prejudices free,
 "Disdaining mental slavery,
 "To no one spot of bliss confined,
 "Range wheresoever you're inclined ;
 "To yon heaven's countless wonders
 known,
 "Its pleasures *all* shall be your own.
 "And should you e'er, amid your joy,
 "A random thought on me employ,
 "And to my humble lodgment come,
 "You'll find me constantly at home,
 "Where you'll be always sure to meet
 "A friend, and *apostolic* treat :
 "Had *I* but judged like *you*, my fate,
 "Had ne'er confined me to this gate."

THE ARGUMENT OF NUMBERS

WHERE was "the argument of numbers" when the Word became Flesh, and dwelt among men? God sent his truth by his Son, and the world knew him not, but cried "away with him," and crucified him. He, who is one day to reign over all, stood in the beginning alone. The world was against him, but he was in the right nevertheless, and there was no force, then, in the argument of numbers.

If the multitude is to be our guide, then have we nothing to do but to count heads, and our course is clear. So many Christians, so many Mahomedans, so many Heathens:—which are the most numerous? With them, our lot must be cast in?

Should Christendom—(which, however, would be found in a minority)—should Christendom have the greater number, then, having decided for Christianity, we must try and ascertain how many Catholics, how many Protestants, before we choose our particular Church, and so fortify ourselves with numbers.

It will not do. We must renounce arithmetic, and consult the Bible:—must hearken to the command to "search the Scriptures," and "be fully persuaded in our own minds."

"We must leave the crowd," says Seneca, "if we would be happy; for the question of a happy life is not to be decided by vote. Nay! so far from it, the plurality of voices is still an argument of the wrong."

"Plurality of voices" decided that the world stood still, and the sun went round it. So the philosophers and the multitude believed for ages. There was always some human mind, since ever men began to observe and to inquire, that doubted the fact; but it remained orthodox from century to century, till Copernicus brought it into doubt, by showing that the earth was but a satellite of the sun. The Church, however, in spite of Copernicus, would not allow the literal words of the Bible to be controverted; and when Galileo contended that the Scriptures, which were never meant to teach scientific astronomy, were in error as to the fixity of the earth, the Holy Inquisition brought him to its bar—and to his knees. Yet all the world has come round, in time, to Copernicus and Galileo.

"Many truths, now of reverend esteem and credit," observes Milton, "had their birth and beginning, once, from singular and private thoughts, while the most of them were otherwise possessed, and had the fate at first to be generally exploded, and proclaimed on by many violent opposers; yet truth, in some age or other, will find her witness, and shall be justified at last by her own children."

Milton "gave himself up to the study of the Christian religion," refusing to follow the multitude. "Since," says he, "God hath opened to every man the way to eternal salvation *only through his own belief*, and since He requires that he who would be saved should stand upon his own faith, I resolved, in matters of religion, to rest on the faith or judgment of no man; but having drawn my belief from Divine Revelation alone, nothing being neglected which depended on my own industry, I determined to search out and settle each point of my religious belief by the most careful perusal and meditation of the Scriptures of God themselves."

It was of no account to Milton whether he had the world with him or against him. He had the conviction of Ward Beecher, that "a man in the right, with God on his side, is in the majority, though he be alone; for God is multitudinous above all populations of the earth." So felt Milton.

And the search of this great master-mind ended in opposition to "the argument of numbers." The Scriptures brought him to the conclusion that the multitude was in error on the doctrine of the Trinity—that it had not the Bible on its side. So, also, John Locke and Sir Isaac Newton—both of whom "searched the Scriptures" for themselves, and found no Trinity therein. Milton, Locke, and Newton—three of the earth's greatest men—are with us, and not with the multitude, on the doctrine of the Trinity; and while we bow to no human authority in matters of faith, we rejoice to have these great names as towers of strength for our belief.

Let no man be disquieted because the multitude is against him. The heresy of to-day is the orthodoxy of to-morrow. If he be "fully persuaded in his own mind"—"fully persuaded" after patient and honest "search"—let him openly profess his faith, and leave the issue with Divine Providence. The world, sooner or later, will come round to him, if he be in the right:—and is not the number daily enlarging of those who believe God to be a loving Father, that gave the world his Son to bring all men to Him, and will finally deal with them for what they individually are, not visiting them with punishment for ever and ever?

Be of good courage. Truth is mighty, and will prevail. The Unitarian, if true to his faith, may go forward with undoubting confidence. He can state his belief in the words of Scripture, without addition or qualification; and the day is coming when human creeds shall be thrown aside, and the Bible be supreme.

TAMPERING WITH CONSCIENCE.

A CLERGYMAN of the Church of England, a few days ago, wrote in defence of the abolition of subscription to human articles of religion and church creeds, and assigned this, among other reasons, for their abolition. "We want to be honest, and to agree to nothing but what we believe to be true." A very

good reason for anything, we would say; but this is a strange confession for a minister of the gospel to make. He wants to be honest, but honesty at present would cost his living, and that is far too great a price for honesty and uprightness. Men never seek to abolish what they believe to be true; the soul has an innate love of truth. A very large body of the clergy—men of the most varied and deep attainments—are seeking the extinction of some of the church creeds and articles of religion. Why? Because they believe those articles are false. Yet they subscribe to those articles; they repeat those creeds in the solemn service of divine worship. They feel and say they are doing this simply for the sake of conformity, against their hearts, to keep in their offices, to retain their positions, and the earthly good that belongs to them. They know that no spiritual blessing, or heavenly grace, or future reward, will arise from their conformity, but, on the contrary, it hangs like an incubus and a curse on their souls. They feel they are not honest men, and, like the writer to whom we refer, they wish to be honest men, but the price is too great. Those are the men that would rather enjoy the fruits of sin for a season, than suffer reproach for the cause of God. The world would have had no such men as Moses, Daniel, Paul, and Christ, had they tampered with conscience for the sake of earthly good, as do those men. What a strange spectacle is presented in the person of a clergyman "wanting to be honest!" How can he preach about self-sacrifice, or honesty? How can he read the commandments? How can he censure the thief, or rebuke sin, while he holds the gain of dishonesty in his hands? How must the lessons of the gospel, the sufferings of apostles, and the whole history of the triumphs of truth go into his heart and pierce his peace. He prefers the fashionable and state church; the airy, stately rectory, and the tithes; the respect of his parishioners, and the friendship of his bishop, to the favour of God and his own quiet of conscience. He would like to see those things altered in his church; and he writes anonymous letters, lest he be found out. He hopes some one will

move in this matter, and make some sacrifice, that things may be mended, and that ministers may be allowed to enter the church without assenting to what enlightened men know to be false. Reader, is this not tampering with conscience for filthy lucre's sake. Is this not Demas-like? Is this not selling truth for a given price? Is this not wrong? Learn a lesson from the false position of those men. You had better let all your earthly possessions go, than your self-respect. You had better tamper with your eye than with your conscience. Once commence this tampering work, for the sake of some social distinction, for the sake of the favour of some employer or customer, or the applause of man—and that very hour all the pure, and noble, and manly traits in the heart will commence to die. If Satan should come to you as an angel of light, and offer you all the world, to fall down and worship him, you know what should be said, and what should be done—"Get thee behind me." Hold fast then to your integrity. In all questions of right and wrong, when once you have come to a decision, abide by it, let the consequences be what they may. If you yield to temptations, and tamper with conscience, there is the greatest danger of being morally wrecked, and becoming, in the eye of purity, a castaway. We would say to all our readers, Be faithful to your religious professions. Always be able to say to the world, "I can afford to keep a conscience." The concealments, evasions, and deceits that are common in the present age, repudiate and detest. If you are a Unitarian, declare it manfully, and defend your position with the best of your ability. The Apostle Paul said, in a persecuting age that cost him his life, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel." Would to God the openness and boldness of the Apostle were inherited by all who read his letters. The creeds of too many are like gutta percha, so that they can be drawn in and let out, to suit the interest of the times. There are some among us firm upholders of the Divine Unity when they reside in our towns where we have large and fashionable churches; but on their removal to smaller places, where the minister is not so eloquent,

and the church so distinguished for wealth, they go to church, and join in "Holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity." We have no language sufficient to express our utter contempt and deep abhorrence of such tampering with conscience and world-pleasing profession. Sincere Methodists, Presbyterians, and Churchmen we can respect—the religious sincerity of their devotions must be acceptable to a truth-loving God—but how vain and hollow must appear the worship of God to Him who discerns the spirit, and knows it is but the worship of fashion, and wealth, and the world. You had better tamper with anything than with conscience; you had better be insincere in anything than in religious profession. "He that hath an ear let him hear."

THE LOVE OF BOOKS.

"I HAVE friends," says Petrarch, "whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages, and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honours for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events—of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some by their vivacity drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires, and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I safely rely in all emergencies. In return for all these services, they only ask me to accommodate them with a convenient chamber in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace; for these friends are more delighted by the tranquillity of retirement, than with the tumults of society."

John Milton says, that "books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up among men. As good almost to kill a man, as to kill a good book: who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself—kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose, to a life beyond life."

"Here is the best solitary company in the world," says Sir William Waller, "and, in this particular, chiefly excelling any other, that in my study I am sure to converse with none but wise men; but abroad, it is impossible for me to avoid the society of fools. What an advantage have I by this good fellowship, that, besides the help which I receive from hence, in reference to my life after this life, I can enjoy the life of so many ages before I lived!—that I can be acquainted with the passages of three or four thousand years ago, as if they were weekly occurrences. Here, without travelling so far as Endor, I can call up the ablest spirits of those times, the most learned philosophers, the wisest councillors, the greatest generals, and make them serviceable to me. I can make bold with the best jewels they have in their treasury, with the same freedom that the Israelites borrowed of the Egyptians, and, without suspicion of felony, make use of them as mine own."

William Ellery Channing says, "No matter how poor I am; no matter, though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling; if the Sacred Writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof; if Milton will cross my threshold, to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakespeare open to me the worlds of imagination, and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin enrich me with his practi-

cal wisdom,—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live."

I know how hard it is to some men, especially those who spend much time in manual labour, to fix their attention on books. Let them strive to overcome the difficulty, by choosing subjects of deep interest, or by reading in company with those we love. Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering or soothing companions in solitude, illness, affliction. The wealth of both continents would not compensate for the good they impart. Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof, and obtain access for himself and family to some social Library. *Almost any luxury should be sacrificed to this.*"

Sir John Herschel says, "Were I to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead, under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a *taste for reading*. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man; unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history,—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him!"

MOVING ON.

THE Rev. Dr. Maclaren, in a sermon at the opening of a Presbyterian chapel, at Stockton-on-Tees, told his hearers that on the opinions they formed of Christ depended their everlasting salvation, and exhorted them in forming their opinions not to consult creeds or catechisms, but to go direct to the Bible, and read what Christ says of himself in the New Testament. This principle the English Presbyterians adopted long ago, and the result we need not inform Dr. Maclaren is, that the congregations composing that church are, at this day, almost without exception, Unitarian.

FAITH AND WORKS.

A TALE.

GOOD Dan and Jane were man and wife,
And lived a loving kind of life.
One point, however, they disputed,
And each by turns his mate confuted.
'Twas faith and works—this knotty question
They found not easy of digestion.
While Dan for faith alone contended,
Jane equally good works defended.
"They are not Christians, sure, but Turks,
Who build on faith and scoff at works,"
Quoth Jane. While eager Dan replied,
"By none but heathen faith's denied."
"I'll tell you, wife," at length, quoth Dan,
"A story of a right good man.
A patriarch sage, of ancient days,
A man of faith, whom all must praise.
In his own country he possess'd
Whate'er can make a wise man bless'd;
His was the flock, the field, the spring;
In short, a little rural king.
Yet, pleased he quits his native land,
By faith in the Divine command:
God bade him go, and he, content,
Went forth, not knowing where he went.
He trusted in the promise made—
And, undisputing, straight obey'd.
The heavenly word he did not doubt,
But proved his faith by going out."
Jane answer'd, with some little pride,
"I've an example on my side:
And though my tale be somewhat longer,
I trust you'll find it vastly stronger.
I'll tell you, Daniel, of a man—
The holiest since the world began—
Who now God's favour is receiving,
For prompt obeying, not believing.
One only son this man possess'd,
In whom his righteous age was bless'd:
And more, to mark the grace of Heaven,
This son by miracle was given;
And from this child the word Divine
Had promised an illustrious line.
When lo! at once a voice he heard,
Which sounds like thunder in his ears.
God says, Go, sacrifice thy son!
This moment, Lord, it shall be done.
He goes, and instantly prepares
To slay the child of many prayers.
Now, here you see the grand expedience
Of works; of actual, sound obedience.
This was not faith, but act and deed;
The Lord commands the child shall bleed.
Thus Abraham acted," Jenny cried:
"Thus Abraham trusted," Dan replied.
"Abraham?" quoth Jane, "why that's my man."
"No, Abraham's him I mean," says Dan;
"He stands a monument of faith."
"No, 'tis for works the Scripture saith."
"Tis for his faith that I defend him."
"Tis for his obedience I commend him."
Thus he, thus she, both warmly feel,
And lose their temper in their zeal.
Too quick each other's choice to blame,
They did not see each meant the same.

At length, "Good wife," quoth honest Dan,
"We're talking of the self-same man.
The works you praise, I own indeed,
Grew from that faith for which I plead.
'Tis not enough of faith to talk,
A man of God with God must walk;
Our doctrines are at last the same,
They only differ in the name;
The faith I fight for is the root,
The works you value are the fruit.
How shall you know my creed sincere,
Unless in works my faith appear?
How shall I know a tree's alive,
Unless I see it bear and thrive?
Your works not growing on my root,
Would prove they were not genuine fruit;
And Abraham, whom for faith I quote,
For faith deserves especial note;
If faith produce no works, I see
That faith is not a living tree.
Thus faith and works together grow,
No separate life they e'er can know;
They're soul and body, hand and heart—
What God hath joined let no one part."

THE GLORY AWAITING US.

"Look! look!" said the old philosopher,
"what a glorious cluster of stars, unseen by the
naked eye, is now passing the disc of the telescope!" And it was a sight no words of ours can express. Not one millionth part of the shining host of heaven has yet been seen by human eye. "See there," said a friend who had just been looking through a microscope at the wing of an insect, "did ever mortal eye before behold such rich colours and curious workmanship?" Wonderful it was. And not one millionth part of the minute wonders surrounding us hath ever been witnessed by the unaided sight.

How numerous are the facts that force themselves upon us, that our present bodily faculties are unequal to all the powers of the soul. By the aid of microscope and telescope we discover new worlds and creation full of beauty. Not that the body is unequal to the duties of life; but the soul freed from its present feeble and comparatively imperfect conditions, may have acuteness and scope of vision that as far transcend the present powers we enjoy, and infinitely more, than the microscope and telescope aid the sight. We have every reason to rest in hope of a day when our vision will be stronger and clearer than now it is. Power and beauty, wisdom and love-line, have been as yet but feebly manifested to the soul. As yet we have scarcely seen a tithe of the richness and sublimity that fill the universe. No human ear has heard the thrilling music, the chords of sweeter melody, that vibrate amid the arches of heaven. The deeper and more spiritual powers of our nature have not been touched to their finest issues. Now we bear the image of the earthly; hereafter we shall bear the image of the heavenly. The elevation of our minds, as ages roll on, will reveal higher heights of glory and deeper depths of God's power and goodness. New beauty and tones of sweetness, we are not as yet permitted to see or

hear, will strike the soul; and it will bathe itself in the immensity of the love of God. The sphere now filled by angels will soon be filled by us; and ever moving onward to angelic purity and archangel's wisdom, their present plane of life will hereafter be ours.

Could one clear ray of light flash upon our history—for now we see through a glass darkly—that light would reveal to us OUR DESTINY; the power that will be given to us, the knowledge that will be imparted, the moral purity to which we will attain, the height of wisdom and depth of spiritual feeling which shall be ours—then, like the Apostle Paul, we would say we had seen what was unlawful for us to utter. It needs but a calm and rational belief in the being and goodness of God, in the realities of creation, the greatness and immortality of our nature, to fill the soul with hope and transports of joy at the destiny before us. A simple faith in what we should have no doubt, opens wide the gates of paradise, and reveals eternal blessedness.

There is no finality in the domains of nature; there is none in the nature of the soul or the domains of grace. There is for us all unseen greatness, untold glorious facts, unheard strains of music, new combinations of power and beauty, deeper depths of feeling and moral life, so that we can never be able to say we have arrived at the end of the chain of events, or climbed to the mountain top that overlooks all God's works. There are sweeter chords of gladness to be struck, there are richer mines of wealth to be discovered, there are landscapes all aglow with glory yet to be seen, and new worlds and systems of worlds all encircled with goodness, yet to be explored.

It is a matter-of-fact that we are living on a planet that is as a grain of sand, as a drop of the ocean, compared with worlds of light already seen. And all those visible shining worlds are as nothing, and less than nothing, when compared with the greatness of the number that must be farther into the fields of space. We are now just opening our eyes, and ears, and hearts to creation dawning upon us, to scenery and sounds thrilling, elevating, and eternally interesting to us. Each mind of man is a germ of unfolding life, a spiritual creation designed to take in the full glory of God. As yet, the soul, which is the inner and indestructible organ of all fair sights and sweet sounds, has been imperfectly felt, but partially touched and lightly cared for. It will be yet more highly cultured, more devoutly cared for. Time and eternity, God and his whole universe, will be joined for the full and proper education of the soul. There is not a greater truth in the whole compass of truths than this, that unmeasured glory is awaiting us. The words of the Apostle Paul, applied to the superior conditions of spiritual life, over the mere expectations of worldly grandeur, are always applicable to this subject. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love."

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

H. W. BEECHER'S VIEW.

THE orthodox journals are astounded at Mr. Beecher's heresy on this doctrine. The following is from the *Congregational Journal*.

"If we rightly understand him, the doctrine of justification by faith, as revealed in the Scriptures, and received by the Protestant world, as embodying all the cardinal doctrines of Christianity, he totally subverts and treats with most offensive levity. The sermon is founded upon the text: 'Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.'—Rom. v. 1, 2. Having by various illustrations shown the power of human love to overcome and reform the wayward and the vicious, he proceeds to apply the principle to the effects of Divine love upon sinners. Mr. Beecher says:

"And this is the root-idea of justification before God. There is a heart-power in God, which, when it falls upon the soul, acts just as benefaction does between man and man, between parent and child, between benefactor and orphan. That which you see of the nature of noble qualities in the ten thousand relations of life, in fragments and in imperfect operation, has its full glorious form in the soul of God; and the heart of God is so pure, so sweet, so beneficent, that when there is nothing to prevent it from giving a heart-stroke to a sinful soul, it melts the wickedness in that soul, and overcomes it with superlative power, and redeems it.

"Theologians have put forth the absurd notion that God has made a plan of salvation. As half-a-dozen men sometimes take up a poor debtor's affairs, and look at them, and put their heads together, and fix them, and then say to the man: 'Well, we think we have made a satisfactory adjustment of your affairs'; so theologians talk, as if there was a kind of conference between the Father, the Son, and the Spirit, as if, after talking the matter over, they concluded that they would help men out of their trouble, and made an arrangement for that purpose. They thus turn heaven into a counting-room, and make God's everlasting love to be like a mere business committee; and so belittle the whole thing. They seem to think that God arranged with the Son, and that the Son agreed to suffer for the world, with the understanding that when he had suffered enough, mankind should be loved of God, and should be pardoned and helped by him. But what set the Father to begin the work of saving men at all, if he could not love them till after the Son had suffered for them? If that was the case, how came there to be any arrangement made? Where did it start? Or, did the Son love the world first, and tell the Father that he wished that he would save it? Is not the whole of this talk about a plan of salvation, a mess of sheer ignorance, not to say nonsense?"

With regard to the relation of Christ to justification and salvation, Mr. Beecher says:

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Love began with God. It preceded Christ's coming. It was the cause of Christ's coming: and Christ came not to make salvation possible as far as God was concerned, but to make it possible so far as man was concerned. And how did he do that? By making an atonement. And what is an atonement? It is that which brings two parties that have been separated together again. Christ came, by his life, by his death, by his resurrection, by his teaching, by the whole of his advent and mission, to make an atonement. And what was that atonement? It was the means of bringing the sinful heart of man, to the loving, glowing heart of God. How? By disclosure; by manifestation; by revealing to man what is God, and making him feel what is the glory of divine love, divine pardon, divine confidence, and divine helpfulness, as he had never before seen them, and as, unsighted, he never could have seen them."

God, then, simply forgives men out of his love for them. He does not act as a moral Governor, having a regard to claims of his law and the interest of the moral universe. He makes no exactions on the grounds of justice. So Mr. Beecher says:

"The forgiveness of our sins is not from any legal consideration; it is not from any commercial arrangement; it is simply from the nature of the heart of God. . . . When God puts the arms of his love about a man, and says, 'Thou art my child,' he takes him as though he was good—as he will be, if he permits the divine mercy to work in him. He takes him as you do your children."

Mr. Beecher anticipates an objection that very naturally arises from such teaching, viz.: that it is subversive of the great doctrine of justification by faith, as taught by Prophets and Apostles, and in all ages believed on in the world. He answers this objection by illustrating his idea of faith as follows:

"A man is in prison, and is sentenced to be executed at twelve o'clock. The Governor, considering his case, at nine o'clock writes his pardon. The man does not feel any different. He is pardoned, and the Governor has prepared and signed the document by which the sentence of death that has been passed upon him is revoked. At nine o'clock he believes that he shall die at twelve, and he has no expectation that he shall ever see his friends again. And he sits stupefied (the minister says *resigned!*), just as though he was not pardoned. He is not going to swing, but that makes no difference with him. He sits, as I said, stupefied—*resigned!* Ten o'clock comes; the man has been an hour pardoned; but he is unchanged. The fact that he is pardoned does not affect him. His whole state is as if he had not been pardoned. Eleven o'clock comes; he has been two hours pardoned; but he is still unchanged. Twelve o'clock comes. At this hour he was to have made his last march. The door is thrown open, and the jailor, accom-

panied by the sheriff, comes in; and they tell him that he is pardoned; but he is so 'resigned' that he does not understand what they say at first. He listens to it just exactly as you would listen to what I read to you out of the Bible, of God's provision of everlasting mercy and pardon for the poor sinner. You hear it read Sunday after Sunday, as if it did not mean anything. You do not take hold of it. You do not understand it. But, by-and-bye, they shake him, and at length he wakes up, and they say to him, 'Do not you understand us? You were to be led out to execution at this time, but the Governor has pardoned you.' Now he begins to comprehend what they say. He starts up with surprise at the announcement, and then sinks back with an overpowering feeling. 'Pardoned? pardoned?' he says. 'Shall I return to my household? shall I go back to life? Pardoned? pardoned?' The pardon begins to have its effect as soon as the man begins to understand it and take hold of it, so far as he is concerned."

QUESTIONS TO TRINITARIANS.

AXIOM.—One Nature constitutes and forms one being. The Human Nature forms a man—the Divine Nature God.

1.—If Christ, then, had two distinct and separate natures—the human and the divine—was he not two distinct and separate *beings*, a man and a God?

2.—If he was not two beings, a man and a God, then he could not have two natures, the divine and human, since each of these forms one being?

3.—If he *was* two beings, then did one or both of these beings die?

4.—If only one, which of them?

5.—If the human nature or being, then, as this being was only part of Christ, does it not follow that only part of Christ died?

6.—And, then, is it not false that "God came down to die for us?"

7.—And then, too, as only a human being died, what becomes of a divine sacrifice?

8.—If both these natures died, then the godhead or divine nature died? and what, then, becomes of the ground of our religion, that God is incapable of suffering, and eternally happy?

1.—If the godhead was limited to the manhood of Christ, was it the nature of the Son or the nature of the whole Trinity?

2.—If of the Son only, then the whole godhead was not united, but only part of it? Then, too, the divine nature must be divisible, and consequently corporeal. And then, too, Jesus Christ having only part of the divine nature, was *not perfect* and entire God.

3.—If the whole godhead, the nature of the entire Trinity, was united to man, then does it follow that the Father, the Son, and the Spirit were all incarnate, and that Christ was not the Son, but the Father also?

5.—And, then, may we not believe, as a necessary consequence, that our salvation was not purchased by the Son only, but that the whole Trinity suffice to procure it; and is not this contrary to the Trinitarian faith?

SERIOUSLY ALARMED.

AN HERETICAL TRACT.

THE following we cut from a Scotch religious paper. Poor Scotland, as much priest-ridden by the presbytery as Spain is by popery. Let our Unitarian travellers scatter a little good seed every time they travel there. The following is a minister's account of an heretical tract. He says:

"From what we have to give you in the following lines, you will perceive that in standing up for the sacrifice of Jesus, and for Salvation by His precious blood alone, and refusing—even with a kind of Lutheran doggedness—to admit the least fragment of anything else as a ground of peace with God, we are not combating a 'mere man of straw.' We yield to none in asserting the absolute necessity of a life of holiness, but we inculcate the holy living, not in order to be saved at last, but as the manifestation of present salvation. 'We live by faith;' our faith produces our life of holiness. We believe in Jesus, and are *pardoned*; we continue to look to Jesus, and are *purified*. But I must tell you the melancholy instance I found the other day of the inculcation of salvation by works, and turning the Gospel upside down.

I was preaching at Hawick, a manufacturing town on the Scottish Border—about ninety miles from Stirling—and when at Edinburgh, on my way back on the following day, I found to my great annoyance that, for the first time in my life, I had lost my return ticket; and the thought struck me that as I had to pay a fresh fare between Edinburgh and Stirling, I might as well take the steamboat. It would take more than twice the time occupied by the train, but then it was less expensive; and, having preached thrice on the preceding day, I considered that I would not be able to do much even were I at home, and to travel by the river would make a fine variety. I got on board, and the beautiful new "Victoria" gave us a swift and comfortable passage through some of the finest scenery in our fallen world.

A few minutes after sailing, I went below, to see if I could find anybody I knew, as I saw none on deck with whom I was acquainted; and no sooner had I entered the cabin than I met with a ministerial acquaintance, with whom I had a very agreeable conversation. While I was at dinner, my friend had picked off the cabin table, and read, a beautifully printed tract, entitled, "*What Must I Do to be Saved?*" which was marked "*Second Edition. Tenth Thousand.*" He hailed me as soon as I re-appeared, and asked me to look at it. It was actually written to try to show us poor lost sinners that we can save ourselves by a good life. In the opening paragraph the writer coolly tell us, that to the question with which he heads his tract, "a false answer is given by nearly all the preachers in the churches and chapels of this land." Then he tells with tolerable accuracy what we hold respecting salvation by the blood of Christ alone; and not being "dainty about words," he says boldly, "This doctrine of Salva-

tion by Faith alone is a Satanic doctrine—it is contradicted by the whole word of God and every man's common sense" (!) On page 2nd he proceeds to prove from Scripture that a man is not to expect to be saved by the death of Jesus, but by his own good life! He refers us to Luke x. 25-28; Matt vii. 21; John xiv. 15-21-24; Matt. xix. 17; Rev. xx. 12-13—xxii. 12; and after he has quoted these passages, and founded upon them, unaccountably omitting scores of passages referring to *our doctrine*, he bids us observe here once more, "There is not a syllable about faith, but altogether about deeds, life works. It is not what a man believes, but what he is doing that is of importance in the Lord's sight?" In the next paragraph he affirms "that salvation and life in heaven are only obtainable by ceasing to sin, and keeping the commandments" (!) He continues, "None have entered heaven, none will ever enter heaven, except by a life regenerated and purified by obedience to the commandments. This regeneration of the soul is easy. It is not done by one great effort, but by many little ones. It is not done in a moment, but it is done in hours, days, and years." On page 4th we are treated to a definition of what salvation is. "In doing the daily duty God has appointed us, in loving and helping our neighbours, in becoming gentle, affectionate, and truthful, consists salvation itself. For what is salvation? It is only deliverance from evil. And what is evil? It is only selfishness (!)"

"This, then," the writer blasphemously affirms to his "ten thousand readers," "is the way of life, this is the one way of salvation as taught by our Lord Jesus Christ." "Turn, then," he exhorts—"turn then, my reader, a deaf ear to all wonders about salvation by faith **ALONE**, and to that heathenish fable about the sacrifice of Christ to appease the wrath of God!" He believes we should soon have "a changed world" (!) if his nostrum were embraced and preached, instead of this "barren doctrine of salvation by faith alone," and that were men told "that the only way to happiness and heaven, was a good and useful life here," they would give up their selfishness and wickedness, and our poor, miserable world would become a perfect Paradise! As he gave something strong and startling towards the beginning of the tract, so he gives us this choice morsel towards the end—"Well has it been said this '*doctrine of justification by faith alone is the curse of Christendom.*' Luther was wont to term it the doctrine by which a Church stands or falls; and so we must still regard it, notwithstanding all the supposed light our author has endeavoured to throw upon the opposite doctrine (!), and we shall preach and teach it all the more fully, constantly, and zealously, that we have been made aware that there are men so blind and foolhardy as to promulgate *salvation by works*, in publications that are circulating by thousands, even in this, which may be termed emphatically *the Gospel age*. We hope none of our readers will allow themselves to be deluded by such wretched doctrines, but, on the contrary, cleave to Christ, and to Christ alone, for pardon, purity, and glory."

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

JORTIN'S TESTIMONY FOR REFORM.—“Christianity degenerated, and things went on from bad to worse, from folly to corruption, from weakness to wickedness; and then the Reformation made considerable amendments.”

TRINITY SUNDAY.—Stephen, Bishop of Liege, first drew up an office in commemoration of the Holy Trinity about the year 920; but the festival was not formally admitted into the Romish Church till the fourteenth century, under the pontificate of John XXII.

A SENSATION PREACHER.—Oliver Heywood, in the Life of his father-in-law, Mr. Angier, of Denton, mentions the “awakening effect” of a sermon preached by Mr. John Rogers, of Dedham, in Essex, who, “taking hold of the supporters of the canopy over the pulpit with both hands at one time, roared hideously to represent the torments of the damned.”

NEANDER'S TESTIMONY FOR CHURCH REFORM.—I may give utterance to my views in the words of Wickliffe: “I look forward to the time when some brethren, whom shall God condescend to teach, will be thoroughly converted to the primitive religion of Christ, and that such persons, after they have gained their liberty from Antichrist, will return freely to the original doctrine of Jesus; and then they will edify the Church, as did Paul.”

THE BEST RULE OF FAITH.—“For the true state of religion in every age can only be learned from the point of view in which these celestial oracles (the Scriptures) were considered, and from the manner in which they were expounded to the people. As long as they were the *only rule of faith*, religion preserved its native purity; and in proportion as their decisions were either neglected or postponed to the inventions of men, it degenerated from its primitive and divine simplicity.”—*Mosheim*.

VALUE OF AN EXPLANATION.—A certain king, it is said, sent to another king, saying, “Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else”—. The other, in high dudgeon at the presumed insult, replied, “I have not got one, and if I had”—. On which mighty cause they went to war for many years. After a satiety of glories and miseries, they finally bethought them that, as their armies and resources were exhausted and their kingdoms mutually laid waste, it might be well enough to consult about the preliminaries of peace; but before this could be concluded, a diplomatic explanation was first needed of the insulting language which had formed the ground of the quarrel. “What could you mean,” asked the second king of the first, “by saying, ‘send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else?’”—. “Why,” said the other, “I meant a blue pig with a black tail or else some other colour. But,” retorted he, “what could you mean by saying ‘I have not got one, and if I had?’”—. “Why, of course, if I had I should have sent it;” an explanation which was entirely satisfactory, and peace was concluded accordingly.

NOTICE.—All Letters, Post-Office Orders, &c., to be addressed to ROBERT SPEARS, 39, Stamford Street, Blackfriars Road, London. MONEY ORDERS to be made payable at the *General Post Office*.

HOW THE COUNCIL OF NICE SERVED ARIUS.—The apostate presbyter was banished; his writings were committed to the flames, and *capital punishments* were denounced against all in whose possession they might be found.—*Dr. Gregory*.

KEPT NO SLAVES.—In 1625, a remarkable monument was discovered in Singau-fu-in-Shensi, in China, being a stone tablet with a long inscription commemorating the diffusion of the illustrious religion of “Te Sim (Christianity) in China.” A translation of it in full by Dr. Bridgeman will be found in the second volume of Dr. Williams’s learned and valuable work on China. Commencing at page 291, Dr. Williams says that both Kircker and Lecomte claimed it as a record of the success of the Romish Church in China, but later writers have had the candour to allow that it commemorates the exertions of the Nestorians. In enumerating the distinguished characteristics of the disciples of this illustrious religion, it has the following passage: “They keep no slaves, but place upon an equality the high and low.” According to the inscription, this monument was erected A.D. 781, and this “illustrious religion” was introduced into China in the year A.D. 636.

CATHOLIC versus CATHOLIC.—We once inquired for “Fleury’s History of the Church” at a Roman Catholic library. We were told they had not got it. We were surprised that the history of so able a man of their own church should not be upon their shelves. The following words from “Reeve’s Catholic History” explains the reason, and confirms our impression that her able scholars must know she is a corrupt church. “Monsieur Fleury has the assurance to assert, that through the undue influence of her school divines, through the forgeries of her librarians, through the ignorance, in fine, and supine negligence of her bishops, the Church has fatally deviated from the path of wise antiquity. The acrimony which he expresses at every turn against the Sovereign Pontiff, or what he malignantly calls the Court of Rome, flashes upon the sight through his whole composition. The sarcasms and insolent reflections with which his Discourses and his History abound, can have no other tendency than to strip the Holy Father of his spiritual prerogatives, to depreciate the pre-eminence of the Apostolic See, to encourage the cabals of ecclesiastical democracy, and to rob the Faithful of that filial respect which is due to the vicar of Jesus Christ. What the Abbe’s intention may have been, we presume not to judge, but of his History sound critics have pronounced, that in many instances it as strongly favours the erroneous principles of modern times, as if it had been written for the purpose.”